

The One Who Got Away

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Summary: Lindsay remembers the night she almost died at the hands of Michael when she was 8 years old. What happens when her past comes back to haunt her 13 years later? First fic so constructive criticism appreciated!

1. The Dream

We held on tightly to each other and sank to the bottom of the cold porcelain tub. Tommy drew the curtain closed and I sat clinging to him as silent tears fell down my face. He ran his fingers through my hair, trying to calm me as my body trembled against his. We sat in complete darkness and the only noise I heard was the panicked rhythm of our heartbeats. In the quiet stillness, I started to hear the soft tap of footsteps approaching.

I held my breath, anticipating the moment when the door would be knocked down and my short life would be ended in an instant. Tommy had been rightâ€|the boogeyman was real. If only Laurie had believed him when he warned her.

I jumped when there was a tap on the door, but quickly let out my breath when I heard Laurie's raspy voice.

"Tommy? Lindsay? It's me." Tommy threw the curtain open and we ran, quickly unlocking the door. Laurie's face was tear ridden, and her eyes held the vacant expression of terror. I jumped into her arms, feeling the relief flow through my body. The boogeyman was gone.

Laurie started to speak to us in a calm but urgent voice, but I didn't hear the words. Her speaking was muffled, as if she was far away and not standing in front of me. I then looked into her eyes, and saw them widen in surprise and horror. I turned around, and that is when I saw it.

_The dark shape slowly turned off of the stairs and stepped into the

hallway directly behind us. My stomach clenched as his white mask became brighter as he slowly stepped closer, going past a window. His large knife seemed to ignite with electricity as the moonlight flashed across it. His pace was slow, but he was upon us before we could blink._

I felt Laurie's push on my body, but something was wrong. She wanted me to go, move, hide, anything—but my body wouldn't budge. I was stuck in place as I watched the monster's large form step in front of me. My eyes widened as he raised his knife high above his head. I couldn't help but think that this wasn't right. I should have run by now. Why wasn't I moving?

Then, as fast as lightening, his knife swung down—

I jerked up in bed as a scream left my lips. I could feel my heart thumping fast in my chest and I was struggling to breathe. I couldn't see, and for a moment I forgot where I was. I could feel the back of my pajamas clinging to me in cold sweat. I was half expecting to see the shape still in front of me, so I grabbed the material that lay around me to cover my eyes. That's when I recognized that the material I clenched to was my bedspread. _Relax. It was just the stupid dream. Get a grip on yourself._

I lowered the blanket and let my eyes adjust to my dorm room, just to make sure I was alone. As my sight became less blurry, I recognized my familiar desk and dresser up against the opposite wall, and my heart rate slowed as the rest of the room appeared totally empty. I rested my head back on my pillow and allowed my eyes to close. _Stupid nightmare_. I had been having the same dream for years, and each time my reaction was the same. I would wake up terrified and disoriented, not knowing where I was. _When will this stop?_

I could tell that my mind would not allow me to fall back to sleep, so I looked over at my alarm clock on the stand next to my bed. The numbers glared a red 6:43. I decided that the only way to calm my mind would be to take a shower, so I grudgingly got up and walked across my room to the bathroom. I shut the door behind me and reached down to turn on the hot water. I ripped off my sticky cotton top and shorts and threw them on the floor as the room filled up with steam.

I stepped under the water and let the heat help release some tension from my body. My body relaxed, but my thoughts kept reeling. This dream always shook me to my core. I started having it less and less over the years since that fateful night, but it haunted me relentlessly every year as it got closer to Halloween. And, unfortunately for me, the holiday was a mere day away.

It would be thirteen years to the day tomorrow when Michael Myers made his first attack on the town of Haddonfield, and thirteen years since I almost lost my life. Unlike the dream, Tommy and I were able to escape from Michael and luckily ran into Dr. Loomis, who was able to scare Michael off after shooting him, at least for a little while. As the years went by, Michael made more appearances, killing many victims in his wake, not letting a single target go. It had dawned on me that just because I escaped once, it didn't mean he was done chasing. I'm sure he couldn't handle the idea of anyone, especially a mere child, escaping the wrath of his blade. I lived in fear from day to day, thinking that he would suddenly appear out of the shadows to

finish what he began.

However, as more years went by, the threat became less potent. He never made an appearance, and has since been considered dead for the last five years. My family had moved from Haddonfield to New York to get away from the pain and memories, but the dreams still followed. Realistically, I knew he must be dead, but the dreams were able to bring out such terror in me, that for a moment I had no doubt he was alive.

Now that I was older, I tried not to dwell on the dreams too much, but around Halloween I couldn't help myself. This holiday was ruined for me forever, and that will never change. I was now in my third year studying English at a small private college in Ithaca, and I decided to put all of my energy into my studies, mostly as a distraction from my memories. As I remembered the term paper due tomorrow, I thought how drugs may have been a better choice over school.

Finally feeling at ease, I turned off the shower and grabbed a towel, wrapping it around myself. I wiped the fog off of the mirror and noticed the dark circles under my blue eyes and my face looked ghostly pale. _How long can I live like this?_ No matter how hard I tried to forget, I couldn't.

I went back into my room and dressed into a purple shirt and a pair of jeans. After blow-drying my straight, dark-brown hair, I quickly ran it through with a brush to get out the knots. I took one last look in the mirror behind my door before grabbing my book bag, leaving for class.

I rushed into my literature classroom, running late. I spotted my best friend Emma in the middle row and took a seat next to her. She turned towards me and smiled as I sat down.

"Lindsay! I thought you were going to make me bear this class on my own today," she said, glaring at me.

"Oh come on. You know I never miss class." I gave her an innocent look. "My mind has just beenâ€¦I don't know. I'm kind of out of it today." I shrugged with a small smile.

"What's wrong? Boy troubles?" She said with a smirk.

"Ha-ha very funny." It was my turn to glare.

At the front of the room, Dr. Anders tapped on his desk to get the attention of the boisterous class. After tapping a couple more times, the room finally filled with silence.

"Now that's better. So, who can tell me what Keats was saying in 'Ode to a Grecian Urn'?" Dr. Anders' monotone broke the quiet, and his drawl continued on for an hour. I was happy when the clock above the white-board finally struck 3:50 and I all but flew out of my seat. I walked to the back of the row and met up with Emma out in the hall.

"Hey, I was wondering, since tomorrow's Halloween and all, if you would like to come over to my dorm tonight and watch some scary movies?" Emma said, practically jumping in excitement.

I lowered my eyes. "Well, I got a lot to do tonight, so I really just can't." _Maybe she'd fall for that._

She gave me a cynical look as we passed through the crowd, trying to make our way outside. "Oh please. You're just afraid, and you know it."

"Wellâ€|yea. You caught me. I'm not that big of a Halloween fan. And horror movies just make me uncomfortable." As we stepped outside, the autumn air felt cool on my skin and I squinted my eyes in the bright sun. It felt good to be outside.

"You need to learn to let go and have some fun. Are you at least going to the party in the Moser dorms tomorrow?" She sighed as I shook my head no. "You have to! It's going to be a blast, and I'm not taking no for an answer. And besides, I already bought a costume."

"I don't know. I don't even have a costume, or the money to buy one," I replied, looking at the leaves swirling over the side-walk. Other than this holiday, I really loved autumn.

"Don't worry. We'll find you something," Emma confidently answered, her long gold locks flowing around her in the wind. She looked in front of her and spotted her boyfriend up a ways ahead of us.

"There's Jonathan. He's meeting me for lunch. Love ya, babe." After a quick squeeze around my arms, she was off. I watched as she ran up to Jon and practically pounced on him. _Crazy, care-free girl._ In that moment, I wished I could have been more like her; to just be free to be myself; to not have a care in the world. I watched as she embraced him in a kiss, and I felt a sense of longing clench my heart. I had never had much luck with the guys I came across. They all seemed immature or egotistical, and none of them made a lasting impression. A couple came close, but they would manage to ruin it in the end. However, I still remained hopeful that there would be someone for me, someday. I would just have to deal with this feelingâ€|the want to be wantedâ€|until then.

I made my way across the campus, back to my quiet dorm room. I sat down at my desk and decided to hash out as much as my term paper as possible to get it out of the way. I lost track of time as the sky began to darken outside my window and my stomach grumbled. I got up, thinking that chips out of a vending machine would have to do for now, when something caught my attention out of the corner of my eye. There was a rather large smudge on the window. Upon closer inspection, I saw that it was a hand print. I went to wipe it off with my sleeve, and then realized it was from the outside. My heart stopped, and then I angrily pulled my curtains shut_. Stupid perve boys_. Why do I want one so badly again? I chided myself as I left the room and entered the hallway, on a mission to end my hunger pains.

After returning to my room, chips in hand, the corded phone on my desk began to ring. "Hello?" I answered.

"Hello Lindsay. Where were you? I called once already." It was my mom. Her voice seemed worried, and I knew something was wrong. This wasn't her normal, cheerful self.

"I just got back into my room. Why, Mom?"

"I have some newsâ€¦not very good news." I heard her sigh.

"What? Is it Dad? Are you guys ok?" Worry now started to fill me.

"We're fine, we're fine. It's not us," she quietly replied, and there was a moment's pause. "It's Tommyâ€¦Tommy Doyle. He was found dead yesterday." She waited for a reply, but only a soft gasp left my lips. I sat down on my bed in shock.

"How? What happened?" I answered, confusion taking over.

"Well, he was found in a men's restroom at a truck stop in Philadelphia. It appeared he had been stabbed several times." Tears started to roll down my face at this answer. I couldn't speak and my heart began to ache as my mind brought back memories of Tommy. _My childhood friendâ€¦my one comfort on that terrible dayâ€¦_A thought quickly came across my mind, and my mother heard my loud gasp. "Lindsay, what's wrong?"

"Mom, you don't thinkâ€¦?" I couldn't bring myself to ask it, but my mother knew and probably anticipated where my mind had gone.

"No, Lindsay. It's not even possible. That Myers maniac has been long dead."

"Mom, they never found Michael's body. We are not sure that he's even dead!"

"I completely understand your concern, but the police have already determined this case as gang violence. You know the kind of crowd Tommy hung around with. They even have possible suspects." I heard her words, but they held no comfort for me. I rubbed my fingers across my temples as I felt the traces of a migraine begin to form. "Hun, are you going to be ok? Would you like to come home? Your father can leave to get you in five minutes if you want."

I paused for a couple seconds, thinking. "Umâ€¦No, that's ok, Mom. I have too much to do here. I'll be fine. I'm just sad, is all."

"Well, if you change your mind, you just need to call me. I don't want to have to worry about you. You will drive yourself crazy with your thoughts."

I sighed, knowing she was right. "Don't worry. I know Tommy got into a lot of trouble. I guessâ€¦it was bound to happen." More tears filled my eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Lindsay." I could hear the strain of tears in her own voice. "It was a shock to all of us. Get some rest and call me tomorrow."

"I will. Love you, Mom," I answered, my choked voice barely allowing me to speak above a whisper.

"Love you too. I'll talk to you tomorrow."

After I ended the call I fell back on my side as my body shook heavily with sobs. Tears fell off my face and left damp prints on the pillow. I may have lost touch with Tommy over the years, especially after he got drawn into certain things, but he had always held a special place in my heart. _Maybe finding trouble was his own way of dealing with his past._

I laid there as darkness grew behind my curtains, and I slowly drifted off into a sleep with an even deeper darkness waiting for me.

2. Halloween

I woke up the following morning with a scream, just as before. After I began to relax, thoughts came back to my head. _Stupid dream_. My heart sank again as I remembered the news from last night. _Tommyâ€|_This day was already going to be hard enough considering that it was Halloween, but the news of Tommy made it that much worse.

Rising up for the day, I got ready and grabbed a granola bar on the way out. My unease immediately started when I stepped out into the hallway that was covered in Halloween decorations. Everywhere I turned reminded me of the holiday. The campus was no better with jack-o-lanterns everywhere and kids dressed up in numerous costumes. I was the oddball in just regular clothes. I took a deep breath and mentally prepared myself. _It's just one dayâ€|go to class and get it over with, and then you can hide in your room 'til this day is over._ I continued down the sidewalk past several brick buildings when I remembered the party. _Dammit Emma!_ I knew she was going to drag me there, whether I wanted to go or not. That was just the way she is. _Maybe I just won't open the doorâ€|_

After attending my classes for the day, I hurried back to my room, happy to get away from the world. The tension in my stomach eased up as I laid down on my teal comforter. I stretched out and tried to relax, until my thoughts turned back to Tommyâ€|and then to Michael. All the tension that had left came rushing back. _What if Michael killed him? What if I'm next?_ I had to repeat my mother's advice to calm back down. _She's right. If he was after me, he would have come a long time ago._ I could tell that my internal struggle was not going to go away any time soon, so I got up and went to the phone to call my mom. After reassuring her that I was ok, I hung up and sat at the desk to do some much needed reading for my literature class.

I had made it through about half of the Austen novel when I heard the much dreaded knock on the door. I glanced at the clock next to my bed and noticed that it was almost 6:30.

"Lindsay, I know you're in there! Open sesame!" I recognized Emma's voice as she continued to pound annoyingly on the door. I slowly got up, shuffling my way to the door, hoping to prolong the inevitable. I opened the door to find Emma in a revealing corseted pirate costume. Her gold hair fell curled down her back under a pirate hat, and the outfit was complete with her fishnets and black leather boots. In other words, she looked amazing.

"'Bout time you opened up!" she chided. "I'm here to help you get ready," and she pushed her way past me through the door before I

could protest. I shut the door behind her and followed. She immediately went into my closet and started ruffling through my clothes.

"Sure, you can go in there," I told her sarcastically. "You look great by the way."

"I am going in here, and thanks. It only took me several hours, but hey, beauty is pain." She continued rummaging until she stopped and started digging in her purse and took out a black object to hand to me. "Here, this is the main part of your costume. I forgot I still had them from last Halloween." She turned back to the closet as I looked at the object. It was a plastic coffin with a clear lid, revealing two vampire fangs inside. I rolled my eyes, thinking how much I didn't want to do this. I felt uncomfortable around the costumed people spaced out on campus. How would I feel in a crowded room with them?

"Geez, you don't have that much in here. Don't you own anything slutty? You know, with some cleavage?"

"Not really. I know I don't have anything to go with these teeth."

"Waitâ€¦here," she said, pulling out a black camisole with lacy trim around the top and bottom. "You'll just have to be a goth vampire." She threw my shirt on the bed and then went into my dresser drawers, pulling out a pair of really dark jeans. "Put these on, and then we'll see what else you need." I huffed and walked into the bathroom and put on the clothes. When I walked back out I saw her going through my jewelry box. She took out my cross made of black jewels and a pair of black jeweled dangly earrings. "This will complete your outfit," she smiled, handing them to me. "Now we just got to do your hair and makeup!"

She pulled me into the bathroom, and when we were finished an hour later, my eyes-lids had been covered in a smoky shadow, my lips were a dark red, my hair flowed in luscious curls, and the fangs were attached to my teeth. Looking in the mirror, a part of me felt excited to be going out. _Maybe it will distract me from thinking of Tommy._ I grabbed my pair of leather boots and slipped them over my jeans and grabbed my black jacket. When we left the room, any excitement that I gained left me. _I can't believe I'm actually going to a Halloween party._

We walked across the dark campus, and the carved pumpkins we passed gave a menacing glow. I felt my stomach turn-over. As we got closer to the Moser dorm house, the music grew louder and we saw people crowded around the entrance, waiting to get in. I swallowed my nerves, and I saw Emma look at me out of the corner of my eye. "Are you all right? You look great. Why are you so nervous?"

"I'm fine," came my quiet reply. "Maybe just a little tired."

"Good. Remember, we're here to let loose and have some fun! We've got to get a drink in you or something," she said while grabbing my arm, pulling us inside.

We stepped into the dark cafeteria where the tables had been removed to make space for the dance floor. There was a table against the wall

with punch and some finger food, and there was a D.J. at the back of the room. The music was so loud I couldn't hear myself think, and I felt the vibrations of the bass strum through my body. The place was decorated in cobwebs and orange and purple streamers and balloons. Glow-in-the-dark skeletons hung against the walls. The floor was already crowded with students in a variety of costumes. The girls were in anything short and low cut, and unfortunately for Emma I noticed about four other pirates.

"Come on!" She smiled, pulling me out onto the dance floor. I wanted to resist at first, but the music actually felt good, and had a numbing effect on my tired mind. After a while, I felt any worry leave my body as I closed my eyes and let the music take over. I let myself forget about Halloween, Tommy, and anything else that had been bothering me. After we had been dancing for what felt like a good while, Jonathan snuck up behind Emma and hugged her. She jumped and turned, smacking him playfully.

I felt myself getting a little parched, so I told the couple I was going to take a break and headed for the punch bowl, leaving them to spend time alone. After getting my drink, I took a seat and rested my head against the wall. I felt a little dizzy and my vision became blurry when looking at the dancing people. I closed my eyes, hoping the spinning would stop. After taking a couple more sips, the coolness helped to soothe my head. I opened my eyes, and I jumped as I felt my heart squeeze in my chest, spilling some punch on the floor. I had thought I had seen a figure towards the back of the room, walking in the crowd, looking at me. The face was pale against the darkness of the suit. It was gone as soon as I had spotted it, and it did not appear to my sight again. My heart beat was loud in my ears and my palms became sweaty. _I have to get out of here._ I stood quickly up and left the room, not bothering to tell Emma I was going. If I did, she wouldn't have let me.

I stepped out into the night as lighting flashed across the sky through the dark clouds. Anyone who was outside quickly took cover as the rain began to fall. I quickened my pace, which did nothing for my over-worked heart. I pulled my jacket tighter and refused to look behind me as the rain fell heavier. I made a dash to my dorm, but not without first getting soaked from the water. I moved through the hallways, past the worriless people having fun, beers in hand. When I reached my room and shut the door, I breathed in relief, and actually let a giggle slip from me. _I am being so silly. It was a random kid in a stupid costume, and you just let him ruin your night. You can't keep doing this to yourself!_ I started pacing across the room, mentally slapping myself for my paranoia. I was right, though. I couldn't keep living like this.

I took off my rain soaked jacket and ran a finger through my loosening curls. I then proceeded to wipe off a little of my smudged mascara and heard the storm rattle the walls. After a particularly loud crack of thunder, the lights flickered, and the building was plunged into darkness.

3. The Chase

I jumped when I heard all the screams coming from outside my room. _Come on people. Grow up._ I fumbled around, feeling for my curtains to let in some light, and realized that the campus lights outside

were still on. _That's strange. Only this building has no power._ I was regretting leaving the party when I pulled out a candle from my desk and lit it with a match. Now I was stuck here with nothing to do, but was still too jumpy to want to make my way across campus back to the party. I settled on pulling out *Pride and Prejudice* to read by candle light until I got tired.

After a while, my eyes became heavy and my head started to nod, when more loud screams echoed out in the hall. I sat up and looked around me, hearing many running thumps past my door and decided to check out what was going on. _Probably some prank._ I put my boots back on and opened the door, expecting to see students, but they were gone. I looked to left and saw nothing but when I turned to the right, my eyes focused upon a heap on the ground. I slowly made my way over, a chill going up my spine. I stopped as I made out the heap to be a body, lying motionless. I didn't recognize the kid, but his eyes were open in a vacant expression and a pool of blood encircled him. _This has to be a joke._ I bent down to touch him, and sat back in horror, covering my scream with my hand. His body was ice cold. I started to scootch backwards, needing to get away from this corpse as fast as possible. It was then that I saw him.

I was immobile in my disbelief, watching him step into the moonlight from the shadows. He was just as I remembered, dressed in the navy blue mechanics suit and white, expressionless mask. The dark holes of his mask just stared at me as I felt my heart pound in my ears. After a moment, he took a step forward and I started backing up on the floor. As he got closer, I turned over and picked myself up, taking off down the hallway, shock and terror making my body tremble.

I can't believe it. He is alive—and now wants to finish me off. I'm dead. Tears started to stream down my face as I ran faster. I turned down the hall to the left, heading for the only exit. When I got to the metal doors, I pushed on the steel bar to open them. To my dismay, they wouldn't budge. _They're locked. Are you fucking kidding me?_ I turned quickly back around, leaving the useless doors. The hall was eerily empty and quiet as I looked for a place to hide. All I could hear was my heavy breathing. When I didn't see Michael anywhere, I ran into a janitor's closet and closed the door, locking it. I hid behind a stack of mops in the darkness and rested my head on my knees. _This is it. The nightmare that has plagued you for years has finally come true. He's going to find you in here, and you're going to die._ I tried to quiet my sobbing with my arms, but squeaks still escaped. My gut clenched as I heard soft walking outside, and I tried to quiet my breathing. But no matter how hard I tried not to, I still let out a scream when I heard the doorknob rattling. _Idiot. Why don't you just kill yourself and make his job even easier? I thought sarcastically. _

I screamed again when he started pounding on the door, breaking through like it was cardboard. "NO!" I wailed, and my sobs became heavier. He glanced at my eyes peering through the cracks between the mops, and in one strong swipe knocked them down. I screamed again as, faster than lightening, he grabbed me by the shoulders and brought me out to fling me across the hallway against the wall. I let out a wail of pain before I hit the ground, having the breath knocked out of me. I struggled up and tried to take off down the hall, but I barely ran a step before I felt a burning pain sear down the back of my left shoulder blade. I let out another cry, but did not stop running. Blood started to run down my arm and left a trail behind me on the

carpet. I knew that it was hopeless, but I had to keep going. I turned another corner and ran, but soon realized it was a dead end hall. I quickly started trying to open doors in a panic, but they were all locked. I pounded on them, hoping people were inside. I was alone. I then tried to open a window, but they were not built to open. I kicked at them, but was not able to break through the thick wooded panes.

That is when I realized I had to come to reality. I was not going to escape. Neither could I out power him. He would win every fight. This was it, and my life flashed before my eyes. _There is so much I wanted to doâ€¦experience._ _Well, it will at least be nice not having to live in fearâ€¦_I closed my eyes as more tears fell. Then, I decided that if I was to die, I would die in dignity, not showing him the pain and fear that I felt. I took deep breaths, standing at the dead-end, waiting for him to turn the corner. I clenched my fists in anger, knowing he had won.

After a few moments, I heard the soft footsteps approaching and my breath caught as I saw him step from the hallway. _Stay calmâ€¦don't show your fear._ Upon seeing me, he stopped at the top of the hallway, cocking his head to the side in what could have been confusion. I stared right back and hoped that he could see my glare. He then slowly moved forward, his paced not rushed. He didn't have to rush, considering that his target was easy prey. As he came towards me, I couldn't help but notice his height. He was by no means a short man, but he was not as tall as he had been to my younger perspective. I smirked at the thought of him being less menacing than before. That is, until I noticed the large knife he carried in his right hand, and the blood drained from my face.

When he closed the distance about halfway between us, I called out to him. "Michael," I tried to speak confidently, but my voice was still rather shaky. He stopped in his tracks. I was going to try to give myself a few more precious seconds, but I knew in the end it would be futile. "You win, Michael. After all these years, you've found meâ€¦and you have me. I'm not going to fight you, nor am I going to die in fear." I waited for him to move, but when he didn't, I persisted. "I've been afraid of you my entire lifeâ€¦but not anymore." I took one step forward, proving my point. I prayed he didn't notice the slight trembling of my knees.

He continued to stare, the knife clenched at his side. I continued moving forward. "In a way, Michael, you'll be setting me free. So just get on with it." I was surprised by my words and actions, but I couldn't stop now. I closed my eyes and took the final couple steps, opening them to peer into his piercing black ones. I was standing close enough to touch him and I could hear his heavy breathing through the mask. I saw him slowly raise the knife, and after bracing myself for the final blow, I noticed red and blue lights flashing off his mask. I turned and looked out the window next to us and realized that the police had arrived. _It's too late._ I turned back just in time to see his arm rush down, and my world turned black.

4. Something Unexpected

My eyes fluttered open, but my vision was just a blur of colors. I closed them again at the constant throb of pain in my head. After a moment, the pain ceased slightly and I opened them another time.

Man, I must have had that dream again. I sat up and looked around, and my eyes widened and all tiredness left me at what I saw.

I was not in my room, but a room that I did not recognize. I was lying on a very wide, red chaise lounge chair and the only source of light was the lamp on a small table next to me. Next to the table was a beige leather chair facing the chaise, and behind this little set-up was a rather large desk. The wall behind it was made up of book shelves filled with various thick volumes. The only window in the office was made of blocked glass high up on the wall, telling me that I was below ground. I felt the pressure in my chest and my breathing became heavy as a million thoughts hit me at once.

It wasn't a dreamâ€|Michael came back to kill meâ€|why aren't I dead? I felt my head and winced in pain at a tender spot, and realized that he must have knocked me out. _Why didn't he just kill me?_ I sickening thought made my stomach plunge. _The police came at the last momentâ€| Maybe he wanted to make my death last a little longer_. He wasn't known for particularly torturing people, but he could start for all I knew. It appeared that he wasn't in the room, so I decided to explore.

I walked to the window, but only darkness showed through the thick glass, not giving me any whereabouts of where I was. I turned around and suddenly realized there was a metal door across the room. _Why would Michael just leave me here? Is it possible that he changed his mind?_ I walked to the door, taking ahold of the knob. Excitement quickly filled me as it turned, but the emotion left just as quick when I pushed on the door and it didn't budge. Something heavy must have been pressed up against the other side of it. _Dammit! Of course he didn't change his mind._ I was stuck, left in a room with a door that wouldn't open and a window that would be impossible to break.

I walked to the desk to see if I could find anything about where I was. There were many files and papers left out in a mess, and a picture of two smiling blond children was placed in the corner. I rummaged through the drawers, but only found useless office supplies. I didn't bother picking up the phone, have already seen that the chord was ripped. I groaned in frustration before my eyes landed on a framed degree hanging on the wall. It was awarded to a Dr. Cecilia Barone. I recognized the name of the school psychologist. _I'm still on campus_. I breathed a sigh of relief, glad that Michael had not taken me far. But the truth was, if I wanted to be honest with myself, it didn't matter where he took me. _He is coming back, and then he is going to kill you._

I sighed as I walked back to the chaise, where I would wait for his eventual return and my doom. I laid my head back on the pillow and to rest, listening to what would be my final heartbeats. Tears filled my eyes and I could not hold back heavy sobs. _I don't want to die. If only I had listened to my instincts and gone home._ However, I knew it didn't matter if I had left campus. He would find me wherever I was.

I took a deep breath and sighed, trying to calm my tears. _There is no point in crying over the inevitable._ I would just have to deal with the reality. I took another deep breath, and let the thoughts leave my mind. If I kept thinking, it would make my death even harder to bear. I felt myself go numb, and I was soon falling back into an uneasy slumber.

The noise of what sounded like a heavy object being dragged across the floor woke me up from my hazy state. I quickly sat up, making my head rush. At least it wasn't still pounding, unlike my heart. _Michael's back._ It was still dark outside the window, so I must not have been asleep for long. As I heard the door knob turn, I had to keep myself from screaming. _Remain calm! Don't give him the pleasure of seeing the fear in your eyes._

The door opened menacingly slow, and I could see the dark form of Michael as the light from the lamp reflected upon him. My heart began to beat even faster and I would have been surprised if he couldn't hear it himself. _Get ahold of yourself. You knew this was coming._ I took some deep breathes to help control my pulse as he stepped into the room and shut the door behind him. He then turned around and stopped, staring at me, knife in hand. A few moments passed, building the tension until I couldn't take it anymore.

"Hello, Michael," I said, breaking the silence. "Well, you have me where you want me. I told you I wouldn't fight you." With that said, I stood up next to the chaise, making myself an easy target. He still didn't move, but just stared at me from the black holes of his mask. I couldn't tell what he was deciding. I started to become irritated, and glared right back at him, feeling my anger redden my cheeks. "What are you waiting for? Just get it over with!"

That seemed to spark something in him, and he started taking deliberately slow steps towards me. As I watched him come closer, my pulse went haywire despite all of my attempted deep breaths. He stopped right in front of me, and I closed my eyes, not wanting him to see the fear that I was so desperately trying to hide. _This is it!_ I thought while clenching my fists, preparing myself for the pain.

Instead of feeling the cold burn of the blade, I felt him tug at my necklace, pulling it off of me. I heard it hit the floor, along with the sound of a heavier object. I kept my eyes closed. I quickly realized what he was planning as cold, rough fingers grabbed around my neck. To me, strangulation was preferable to the knife. I felt him apply slight pressure, before moving his hands across my collarbone, leaving goose bumps on my skin. I became very confused, and could not keep my eyes closed any longer. _Why wasn't he killing me?_

I looked at him, waiting for his fingers to become menacing, but they never did. They softly trailed over my bare skin, as if mesmerized with the feeling. His fingers started to roam lower, and my stomach lurched when I realized the implication of his actions. _Wait!_ this cannot be happening. _I'm sure he could see the look of shock on my face. My breathing became heavier as my nerves rose, and any doubt I had before was gone when his fingers hovered over my breasts, sending a chill down my spine. _No fuckin' way!_ I can't let him do this!_ I fought with myself, wanting to choose between my morals and my life. I gasped when his hands grabbed my chest more firmly, and I closed my eyes, not sure what to do with myself. _I said I wouldn't fight him!_ I can't show him the fear now. _I knew that I would give up what he was asking for, which was technically my virginity, to spare my life, but I also knew there was no guarantee he wouldn't take both.

He started to rub gently over my nipples as he felt them harden

underneath my shirt, and I let out another soft groan. _Dammit! I cannot actually be enjoying this! You should be cringing at this killer's touch!_ But on the contrary, his touches feltâ€¦_nice_? I slightly leaned into his touch, letting my body make this decision. If this was going to happen, and considering that it was Michael Myers standing in front of me, it _was_ going to happen, so I might as well try to enjoy it. If I was going to die, I did not want my one and only sexual experience toâ€¦|wellâ€¦|be unfulfilling.

His hands left my breasts, roaming down my sides and exploring my stomach. My body became like putty in his hands. I was close enough to see his real eyes, and they were dark and smoldering, not with anger, but with hunger. I allowed my mind to ease up after one thought: _He is touching you in the way you've always wanted to be touchedâ€¦|and wanting you, like you've wanted._ This was something no other man had ever given me, and I was dumbfounded at the fact that Michael Myers, of all people, was the one to do so.

I shuddered as his cold fingers slowly went under my camisole, trailing over my stomach. Unexpectedly, in one swift movement, he had ripped off the shirt over my head, throwing it on the floor. I stood there breathless, and instinctively covered myself from the cool air. By the look he gave me, I knew he wasn't having that. He quickly grabbed my arms and put them back at my sides, and when he could see I wasn't going to fight back, he let go of his almost painful grasp and resumed his exploration of my skin. I closed my eyes, enjoying the sensations of his large hands, when all of a sudden I felt a tug on my black lace bra. He didn't know how to get it off. _Is he new at this too?_ For some reason, that thought made me smileâ€¦|that is, until he bent down and picked the knife up off the floor.

Before I could even blink, my bra was cut open and slowly fell down my back. My face blushed when I saw his eyes widen, and he paused before cupping my breasts in his hands, exploring their every fold and crevice. I let out a sigh of pleasure, and before I realized what I was doing, I reached out and grabbed one of his forearms, sliding down it until my hand was over his. His body stilled at my touch. I looked into his eyes, wanting him to know that I was responding, and would not fight him. After a moment of staring at each other, he continued his movements and I gave another sigh.

Before I knew it, he had spun me around facing away from him. The motion was so fast that I would have fell on the floor if it had not been for his strong hold on my arms. My head spun as his fingers started to explore my shoulders and back. He ran a thumb gently over the cut he had given me down the back of my arm, and I winced a little at the pain. This must have excited him, because his hands started to be less hesitant over my body and I gave a soft moan. He pulled me close to his body, and started to rub my chest from behind. I could feel the muscles under the mechanics suit and realized he was built with the strength of a brick wall. _Yep, I couldn't get away even if I tried_. I blushed as this thought excited me, and mentally slapped myself.

I leaned further into him as his hands roamed lower down my stomach and paused as he reached the top of my jeans. I instinctively grabbed his hand, trying to prevent him from going any further, but it was to no avail. He slid his hand farther, and I clenched as he started to explore the folds between my thighs. He was the only thing holding me up, and I moaned as his explorations became more demanding. I grabbed

onto his arms, digging my nails into his suit.

He leaned further down to go farther, and that is when I felt his hardness on my back. My stomach jolted in what was a mixture of nervousness and excitement at the idea of what was going to happen to me. _I can't believe I want this_. He pulled his hand back up just when I thought I was about to burst from the thrills he had been sending to my body. He spun me back around facing him, where I could see the even greater hunger in his eyes and the strain against his suit between his legs. I felt my face become red and I tried to avert my eyes.

Suddenly, he had picked me up and tossed me on the red lounge. I gasped as I landed with a bounce. I propped myself up and watched as he bent down and picked up my leg and slid off my boot, throwing it across the room. He did the same to the other. Then, in one swift grasp, he had my jeans in his hands and tore them down, throwing them by the boots. I gasped, partly from the cool air touching my legs, partly from the thrill of his passionate actions. He pulled at my lacy underwear, which came off much easier, and sent them the way of the rest of the clothes. He then stood up, staring down at me. I couldn't keep from blushing, never having been so naked in front of anyone.

Butterflies filled my stomach as he came towards me, picked me up again, and dropped me down the length of the chaise. My head hit the soft pillow. He then kneeled down on the floor and took off his boots. They landed next to mine. He stood back up, and I realized that from this angle, he looked as tall as he did when I was a child. _Don't think about that memory now. That Michael will shortly be paying you a visit after this_.

My stomach rolled in even greater nerves as he slowly lifted his hand up to his zipper under his neck and pulled down, revealing pale hard muscles underneath. From the skin that I could see, there were faint scars, which I assumed were created from bullet and knife wounds. His zipper continued as low as it could go, revealing a shocking sight.

Heâ€¦isâ€¦hugeâ€¦How the hell is this going to work? I averted my eyes once again, not wanting to stare awkwardly at him. My worry rose as he approached me, and I began to wonder if I should say something. I wanted to tell him that this wasn't going to work, that I've never done this before, and that he was just _way _too big. But, I decided against speaking, unable to fight my own urges and not wanting to possibly anger him by stopping him from reaching his goal.

He lowered himself over me, and I had to stop my hand from moving to stop him. He kept my gaze as I felt him lift my legs and wrap them over his. I jolt of anticipation hit me as I felt his large member touch my thighs. _Fuckâ€¦how can I possibly want this so bad?_ He started exploring my torso once again, leaving burning sensations wherever he touched. I let out a soft moan as he touched my sensitive breasts with one hand and let the other travel down my side.

A sudden urge came over me, and I slowly lifted up my hand, hovering my fingertips over his pale skin. I looked into his eyes, waiting for him to stop me. When he didn't, I gently placed my hand on his open chest, and slowly started moving down, loving the feeling of his cool, smooth skin. His muscles felt hard beneath me, and I let my

hand travel up and down his torso. I could feel his breathing becoming heavier underneath my palm.

I stopped moving my hands as one of his came up and started caressing my face. I closed my eyes, enjoying the sensations of his cold fingers traveling over my temples and down my cheeks. My lips slightly opened at the soft touch of his thumb on my mouth. His fingers then traveled down, gently moving across my neck and collarbone. _I can't believe the one person who has terrified me my entire life, can also give me so muchâ€¦pleasure._ I opened my eyes to look into his, and then I knew I couldn't wait any longer.

I removed my hands from his chest and slightly sat up, reaching to pull on the back of his leg. I wanted him to know that I needed himâ€¦_now._ He got the hint, and I fell back on the pillow as he pulled my legs towards him. He leaned over me, and my breath caught when I felt the head of his member touch my tingling opening. I tensed, preparing for the pain that would inevitably come. _Oh geez, please be gentleâ€¦_

I felt his hips move forward, and my arms went under his and up around his back, grabbing his shoulders. He entered me slowly, but it did not stop me from crying out in pain. I squeezed my body to his, digging my nails into his back. He didn't move as my body trembled beneath him and tears streamed down my face. _Holy shitâ€¦that was worse than I thought it would be._

After a moment, the throbbing slightly subsided and I loosed my grip on him. I lowered my head back down and held on to the back of his arms, feeling the strong muscles beneath the fabric. He touched my wet cheek and looked at the moisture on his fingers, as if he didn't understand it. I slowly took his hand and placed it back next to my head, letting him know to continue. I put my hand back on his arm as he slowly pulled out. As he thrust forward, I squeezed my fingers around him and shut my eyes, cringing at the level of pain. He stopped for another second until I loosened my grasp, and then started a slow but steady pace.

My body shook as the constant pain coursed through me, and I kept a strong hold on to him. After a few minutes, the pain started to lessen and was replaced by a growing warmth. I started to move myself, rocking against his gentle thrusts. The uncomfortable tightness I felt before started to give away to pleasure, and I let the tension release from my body. _This is betterâ€¦much better._ I allowed my hands to travel over his body, feeling the strength in his arms, back, and stomach. He slightly picked up speed, and I placed my hands under his suit on his back, feeling the cool ripple of his muscles.

I let my breath raise my chest against his and placed my head against his shoulder, muffling my moans. He maintained the faster pace, and I held on as tingling sensations swam through my body. I felt the pleasure slowly building, and I wanted it to come, faster. He must have sensed what I wanted, because he suddenly stopped and grabbed my arms, pinning them above my head. I felt a jolt of surprise in my stomach and wrapped my legs around his lower back.

His grasp around my wrists was almost painful as he began to enter me. He started off with his slow pace, but soon began to build it. He got faster and faster, and I thought I was going to lose my mind. I

screamed in pleasure as he started to pound hard into me, and thought I would die in euphoria. Despite his cool body, I felt the warmth in my stomach and between my legs while the pressure built around him. Much too soon, I felt the tension release and contract around him, and I smiled at the feeling. I could feel the tension come over his body, and after giving two final thrusts, he let go of my wrists and relaxed on top of me. I closed my eyes and ran my fingers through his fake hair and down his back. The only sounds filling the room were our heavy breathing and our heart beats.

He slowly lifted himself off of me and I rolled to the side facing the room, feeling drowsiness take over my mind. I felt rough hands move up and down my side as I drifted off. I allowed myself to whisper one word, "Michaelâ€|," before succumbing to a peaceful sleep.

5. Left in a Muddle

I awoke with my body shivering from the cold. I opened my eyes slowly and noticed the room was filled with light coming from the small window. I wrapped my arms tight around myself and shut my eyes, not wanting to get up from this restful sleep. _I haven't slept this good in a long time._ It was a few moments before I opened my eyes and realized I was still in the office, naked on the couch. _No wonder I'm so cold_. I sat up as my thoughts sluggishly formed out of my drowsy state.

I looked around the room, searching for Michael, but he wasn't here. A slight hurt entered my mind, but I quickly let it go. _Don't be silly. You're lucky he just hasn't killed you yet._ Another thought jerked my stomach. _Will he be coming back? Is he still going to kill me?_ I looked over at the door, and was surprised to see it open. _That can't be rightâ€|it almost seems likeâ€|he's letting me goâ€|_

I didn't want to sit there and wait, so I stood up to get my clothes. There were placed in a messy pile next to the bed. _Maybe he isâ€|_I didn't know what to think, so I just quickly put on everything but my bra, which was just going to have to be thrown out. I sat back on the couch and was slipping on my boots when I saw something glinting out of the corner of my eye. On the table a couple of feet away from me laid the large butcher's knife.

I stared, not sure what to make of it. I walked over to the table and hesitantly picked it up. I ran my fingers across the smooth silver and thought how, if it hadn't had killed so many people, it might have actually been pretty. I gasped when the edge cut into one of my fingertips, and I sucked on the blood. _Ow! Sharp bastard._ Before I could think any further, I carefully slid the knife into my boot and walked out the door. I looked down the dim hallway and didn't see anyone. I didn't know if I should be expecting Michael to pop out of the shadows, but I decided I had to continue. As I left, I noticed a whole stack of wooden crates next to the door. _Must have been what he used to shut me in._

I walked down the hall and pitched my shredded bra in the first trash can I spotted. I looked around, seeing if Michael was anywhere nearby. When I made it out of the building without seeing him, I had no doubt in my mind that I was free. _I can't believe itâ€|I'm not

going to die today._ I wrapped my arms around me in the freezing air, just realizing I had no jacket. I quickened my pace when I noticed some cruiser lights across the campus. As I came into their sight, some policemen ran up to me.

An older officer came up to me first. "Miss, are you all right? I'm Officer Canby. You must be freezing!" He called over to a fellow officer, saying, "Jackson! Bring me a blanket," He then turned back to me. "What are you doing here?" There was great concern in his eyes. I must have looked awful. I had to think of something, and fast. Several other officers joined him, one putting a warm blanket around my shoulders. I wrapped it tight.

"Umâ€¦I just came from the Kennedy building."

Confusion wrinkled his eyes. "What are you still doing on campus? We had the campus evacuated last night when a dead body was reported found in this dorm house," he said while pointing to the light brick building behind him. "We had the entire campus searched and we didn't find anyone." He paused a moment as he tried to read my face. "Can you tell us anything about yesterday? Why didn't we find you?"

I felt a jolt of excitement at the fact that they didn't find Michael, but made a note to chastise myself about that later. I didn't want to go with the _whole_ truth, so I decided to act ignorant. "Well, I remember, last night, I heard screaming outside my door, and when I went to go check it out, I saw the dead body pretty close to my room up the hallway. I thinkâ€¦I must have passed out or somethingâ€¦and this morning I woke up in an office. I really don't remember anything else." I gave my best sincere look. "Oh, and, as I walked out, there were some boxes stacked up against the wall, so maybe they were covering the door, and you guys just didn't know it was there."

There was a look of skepticism in Canby's eyes. "If that's the case, how did you get out of the room?"

"Well, the door was open when I awoke. Maybeâ€¦it was closed when I was sleeping?"

"So, you're saying that this criminal basically set you free?"

Play dumb. "Umâ€¦I honestly cannot answer that. I don't remember a criminal, nor would I know his motivations." _Why didn't I just tell them the truth?_

He looked down and sighed. He nodded to the policeman next to him who had been taking notes, and the unknown officer walked away. Canby looked back at me. "Let's get you checked out by the paramedics just to be careful, and then you'll just need to sign a report. Nothing major."

I nodded and followed him to the ambulance. A young woman not that much older than me checked my reflexes and the only problems she found was the cut on my arm and a small bump on my head. "Looks like you were attacked. You're a lucky girl," she said, smiling kindly. I managed a small smile back.

After cleaning up the wound and the dried blood on my arm, she applied some ointment and told me I was free to go. I quickly filled

out a report and then was asked by Canby what other help I needed.

"Well, I really want to go home, but it's a good while from here in Cornersburgh. Can I use a phone for a ride?"

"Cornersburgh? I know where that's at. Just hop into the cruiser and I'll give you a ride there," he replied, smiling kindly.

I thanked him greatly for everything and followed him to the car and got in the backseat. We were soon away from the campus, driving past the surrounding forests of trees, and came out into the rolling planes. Canby put on the radio, and I let my mind wander.

I can't believe he let me go. A mix of confusing feelings came over me. After what we shared, did I still hate him? Even though I wanted to, I just couldn't. _What about the fact that he raped you?_ But, truthfully, he hadn't. In a way, it had been consensual, whether I wanted to admit it or not. _Well then, why did he choose you? Out of all the girls he had in his grasp, why you?_ I watched the plains roll by, and I blushed, remembering his touch. _How can somebody so evil touch me with such love?_ Maybe, in another life, another time, I could have had something with him.

I rested my head on the backseat, wrapping the blanket tighter around me. _He might not have killed me, but he still set me free_. I would no longer be afraid, and Michael helped me better than any therapist could. Maybe that's why he felt the urge to touch me in that manner. _I didn't show him fear_. I smiled to myself, suppressing a giggle. _I am the one who got away_.

End
file.